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Weary Wick

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Abstract

a greasy wax candle squatting on its knees sputters sullenly in the evening breeze tallow tears
trickle down its fat white cheeks...



Weary Wick

Norm Filbert

a greasy wax candle squatting on its knees
sputters sullenly in the evening breeze
tallow tears trickle down its fat white cheeks
a black wick curls and writhes and falls
and as the whispering low wind calls
the candle gathers its strength and speaks

“W-woe is m-me!” it loudly complains

“What’s to become of m-my remains?”

“I’m b-burnin’ and burnin’ and p-pretty quick

“There w-won’t be nothin’ but a b-burnt out wick.”

silently laughing, the wind whips past
as the stuttering candle sputters its last

“What Ho,” laughs the playful wind, “What Ho?”

“Come flicker and sparkle, I like your bright glow”
but there’s no reply from the burned black thread
for the fat tallow candle is dead—is dead.